

Chapter 367

Violet

As we rushed through the halls of the forbidden east wing, Kylan moved so fast I could barely keep up with him.

I glanced around, noticing the guards stationed at every corner, and quickly grasped the seriousness of the situation.

My fingers nervously fidgeted as I turned my gaze elsewhere, and they landed on Kylan's back. The moment he had heard something was wrong with Kayden, something had shifted in him.

There had been this look in his eyes I couldn't quite place. He seemed almost...worried, and just stormed out without saying another word.

My stomach twisted.

I was worried too because I couldn't help but think...did we do this?

The thought made me nauseous. Had something we changed in the past caused this?

I wondered if Kylan was thinking the same thing, if perhaps the tension in his shoulders was guilt showing. Kayden certainly wasn't an angel, and I knew I had to stop him, no matter what, but I didn't want him to die.

Did that even make sense?

I wasn't even sure if Kylan wanted him dead.

It didn't take long before we stopped in front of a familiar, big door. The same one I had been standing in front of when Kylan confronted his

brother not too long ago.

The two men guarding the door stepped aside and bowed their heads in respect before each pushed open one side of the door. Kylan did not hesitate and walked straight in.

I followed, and as soon as several eyes turned toward us at once, the room stilled.

The King, the queen, Lady Mona, and two of her children...

Lady Mona was kneeling beside the bed, her hand wrapped around her son's, as if she was afraid to let go. The King was on the other side, leaning forward while he rested a hand on the mattress. His jaw was relaxed, his face calm in a way I had never seen before.

Queen Cecilia stood at a great distance, looking composed as always. Khaedric stood with his arms crossed while Kahlia stood beside him. Surprisingly, both looked worried enough.

And Kayden...

He lay motionless beneath the covers. His skin looked pale, his lips were slightly parted, and there were dark circles beneath his eyes. There was something wrong.

It was like he wasn't fully there anymore, and I knew Kylan felt it too. I focused on the sound of his heavy breaths, unsure of what to do. Was he really worried, or were they the breaths of a man who was seconds away from celebrating?

Queen Cecilia cleared her throat. "Kylan..."

Kylan raised his hand, ignoring her, and walked right past, straight to the

bedside. He stopped beside the king and looked down at his brother while I once again hurried after him. I stayed close behind him, my heart pounding so loudly I was sure everyone could hear it.

Seeing Kayden like that, with no sarcasm and no smirk, none of the sharp words that always left his mouth, felt strange. It was just a body lying there, fragile and broken in a way that almost felt unreal.

"What the hell happened?" Kylan demanded.

"What happened?" Lady Mona whispered under her breath. Her head slowly raised, and when I saw the look in her eyes, my breath caught. They were wet from tears, but most of all, filled with anger. Her lips twitched like she was barely holding herself together.

"With all due respect, Your Highness," she said tightly, "I have stayed quiet for years, out of respect, but we have been playing this game for far too long." Her gaze sharpened as it locked onto Kylan. "I think you know exactly what happened."

My stomach dropped.

Is she accusing him?

I looked between the King and Queen Cecilia, searching for some kind of reaction. Cecilia's gaze was lowered to the floor, her hands folded in front of her. The king had the faintest smile on his lips. The situation amused him.

Kylan's jaw clenched as he ignored Lady Mona. His eyes flicked to Khaedric and Kahlia instead. "Why is there no doctor in here?" he asked sharply. "And what happened?"

"He left," Khaedric replied.

"He left?" Kylan repeated, confused. "For how long has Kayden been like this?"

"An hour or two," Kahlia said softly.

My heart dropped straight into my stomach.

An hour or two...

This couldn't be a coincidence.

Images flashed through my mind. Images of my shift, the control I had lost, Baelor's shadow, Kylan collapsing...

Everything.

"Lumia?" I whispered in my head. 'Did we do this?'

"Would it be such a bad thing?" Lumia replied. 'How about we wait until everyone leaves the room, and I'll tell you how to wrap your hand around his throat and—'

Nope.

Khaedric took a shaky breath and rubbed his face. "He was standing by the windows in the hall," he said. "Then he just...fell out of his chair and started shaking." He swallowed. "His eyes went white..."

"My son's heart stopped," Lady Mona interrupted. "But they were able to bring him back, and now I will be the one to watch over him."

Kylan and I exchanged a look. Something was seriously wrong here.

"What else did the doctor say?" Kylan asked.

"Oh, please." Lady Mona clicked her tongue and looked away.

"What?"

"Your Highness, please don't make me laugh."

"Why would I have to make you laugh?" Kylan snapped. "What else did he say?"

"That someone might have tried to poison my son!"

Kylan's head snapped toward the king, who did not say a word. This was perhaps the quietest I had ever experienced him, but it wasn't because of sorrow. The smirk never left his lips.

Lady Mona reached up and ran her fingers gently through Kayden's hair, as if she hadn't just accused the crown prince.

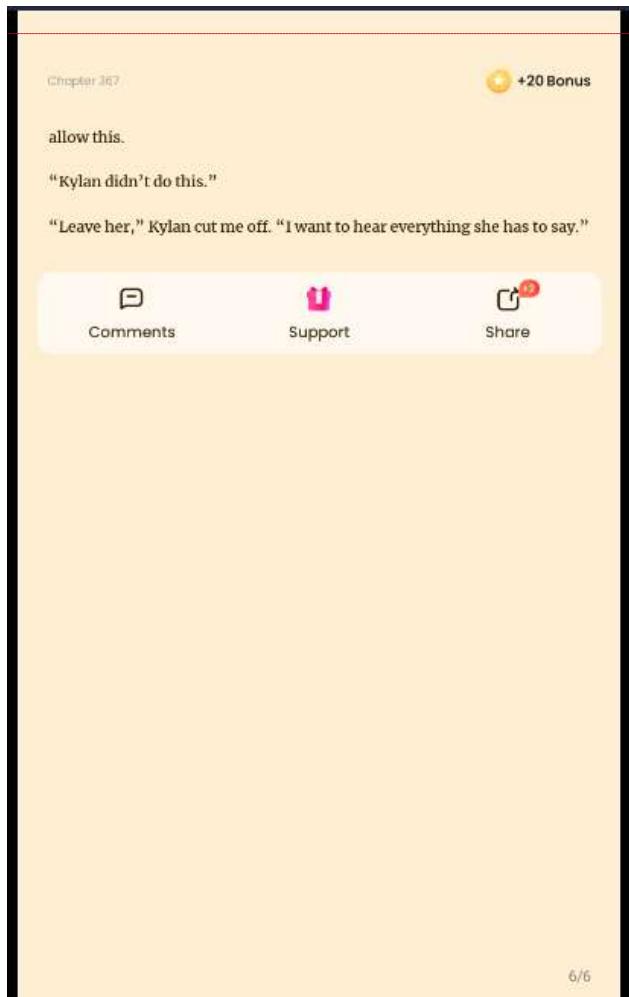
"That's why the guards are everywhere," Kylan whispered. "Because you think someone might come back to finish the job."

She shrugged weakly.

"And you summoned me," Kylan continued, his voice going cold, "because you want to know if I had anything to do with it."

"Can you blame me?" Lady Mona raised her voice. "No matter how much the king tries to protect you, and Kayden tries to protect you, I know that it's you who put my son in that chair," she said. "We all know that, and I am no fool!"

The color drained from Kylan's face, and that's when it hit me. This must have been the first time she had ever accused him outright. The king wasn't doing anything, Cecilia was just standing there, and I couldn't.



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